

The Middlebury Galaxy.

"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—WEBSTER.

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VAN BUREN AND CASS AT THE HEAD OF SALT RIVER.

TUNE—"O Susanna."

We've laid a plank from boat to bank, and dropped them on the shore—
Their dismal voyage is ended now, their gilded dreams are o'er;
So they'd nothing else to do, they sat them down to chat,
And he that spoke the foremost word, was conscientious Mat.
Oh Lewis Cass, my boy! you're in a fix with me,
For they've rowed us up Salt River,
The Elephant to see.

Now don't you see, old Governor, the drift of what I've done,
I couldn't be the President, so I thought I'd have some fun;
My free soil friends may all be hanged—for anything I care,
So long as I have kept you from the Presidential chair.
Oh Lewis Cass, I think you will agree,
That I rowed you up Salt River,
The Elephant to see.

The General fired up at this—says he, upon my word,
I'd tried my luck at bit or miss—if I hadn't broke my sword;
I couldn't have believed it, Van—it really makes me sick
To think that you should play me such an awful dirty trick.
Oh Van Buren, how you cheated me,
When you sent me up Salt River,
The Elephant to see.

About the latter end of March, I meant to have a war
With France or England, or the Pope, for each I do adore;
I should've been particular—most any one would do,
And now my plans are thrown away—all owing, Mat, to you.
Oh cruel Martin, how you treated me,
When you sent me up Salt River,
The Elephant to see.

Just as he spoke, the sage espied a goodly pile of timber,
Away he ran—poor Matty Van—he proved himself quite limber;
Says he a platform I have found, and on to it I'll go,
'Tis just as good a platform as they built at Buffalo.
Oh Lewis Cass, you need not rail at me,
Though we're both rowed up Salt River,
The Elephant to see.

We'll put our heads together, Cass, and form a coalition,
And you may "write me down an ass," if I don't mend our con-
dition;
Our perch upon these timber-sticks, shall ever remembered be,
For they row'd us up Salt River—the Elephant to see.
Oh Taylor Whigs! we owe a grudge to ye,
'Cause you sent us up Salt River,
The Elephant to see.

Poetry.

For the Galaxy.

"OH! I'VE LOST A MOTHER'S LOVE."

Nay, Sister, say not thus—that precious boon,
Earth's holiest thing—no, no, it is not lost!
From your opening clasp, in realms of light,
The scattering fragrance o'er thee, all unseen.
That Mother's eye—itsself a very soul—
Beams with loving gaze upon thee now,
To soothe thy food and trusting heart,
That thou hast never "lost a Mother's love."
Her words of counsel shall not come again—
The fountain ne'er will dry, that ever now
Has blanch'd thy cheek with ever-gushing tears.
Oh! let them freely flow—but list, meanwhile,
The tender lay that wakes for thee in Heaven;
And in thy troubled dreams, remember still,
That, hovering near, thou hast "a Mother's love."
New Haven, Nov. 16, 1848.



AGRICULTURAL.

LABORING COMMUNITIES.

Hon. HARVEY BALDWIN, in his address before the Onondaga County Agricultural Society, made some good remarks in reference to the effects of industry, as compared with indolence, on the character and prosperity of communities. He came to the conclusion that as "a general principle, that community which is required to toil the most consistently, to economize the most closely and live most frugally, will be found to be physically, morally and intellectually in the best condition." He made some comparisons in illustration of the principle: "Look for example to the azure sky—the bland atmosphere—the temperate climate—the fertile soil of Italy, and there behold her people—as a nation—ignorant, trifling, licentious, depraved and beggarly poor, numbering more of the lazzaroni, than perhaps any other nation on earth. Look to the Ocean Isles, and especially those that border our own Southern coast: warmed by a tropical sun and fanned by a perpetual summer's breeze, their fat and fertile soils yield almost without tillage or toil, in the greatest luxuriance and profusion, everything necessary to the support and comfort of man; and yet as a whole, how miserable, degraded, licentious, ignorant and debased." On the other hand he refers to New England and the Northern States, where from necessity the people are all obliged to live in the constant practice of all these virtues, and where on earth will you find a better people than they—it is their climate—their frugal habits, their constant and persevering industry that contributes largely to make them so." Cultivator.

FIRE WOOD.—Being ourselves a good lover of a good warm fire-side in winter, and anxious that all God's creatures shall participate in the same comfort as we do ourselves, we feel particularly anxious that you have cut and dried in, as early as possible, a full supply of wood, not only for the great-house, but for the quarters also. The inconvenience of hauling

through the bad roads of winter, will at once suggest the propriety of our advice, and, as we hope, spur you on to the performance of this necessary duty at the earliest possible period. —American Farmer.

NEW USE FOR ANDERENT SPIRITS.—A correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator says, that a little alcohol, or almost any kind of and-erent spirits, placed on the bottom boards of a round and under a hive of bees, will allay their fury, and cause the bees to cease fighting. If an article which is a human race by the wars will produce peace and harmony in a hive of bees, the fact is certainly anomalous.

When woman loathes her good name she can't get it back again. That is precisely the case with a dog made up into sausages; he's gone forever!

FOOLISH MAN.—A man drowned himself, in Philadelphia, because he had been robbed of a large sum of money. Soon after he was fairly dead, most of the money was recovered.

What, sir, have my client did? Nothing, sir, nothing. But there is the man what have did the mischief. Him it weers, sir, what with the ferocity of a bloodhound, seized a shingle and pursued the victim!

If you wish to be happy for a day, get well shaved; if for a week, get invited to a wedding; if for a month, buy a good nag; if for half a year, buy a handsome house; if for a year, marry a handsome wife; but if you would be always cheerful, take the newspapers, and pay for them.

Mrs. Partington says that she "intended the consort of the Female Cemetery last evening, and some songs were extricated with touching pythagosians." She declares "the whole thing went off like a Packerham shot; the young angels sang like syrups and looked like angels just out of paradox."

There is a county in Michigan named Van Buren, and the shire-town is named Paw-Paw. They suit each other to a hair.

The Boston Post claims the election of Webster in the 34 Congressional district, and calls it "a democratic gain." Here, when it was probable that Mr. Webster had succeeded, the local began to brag that he would eat with them. —Watchman.

Editors.—A letter from New York to the National Era, noticing the nominations of Messrs. Brooks and Greeley, remarks:

"It is somewhat remarkable, that heretofore so few members of the Press have been called to occupy political offices. Certainly there is no class of the community more generally competent to administer public trusts with credit and fidelity. Editors are much better informed on political matters, as well as on general subjects, than lawyers, who form part of the majority of our Legislatures, both State and National, while their talents for administration are, at all events, not inferior to those possessed by lawyers, merchants or farmers. The editorial profession of itself is eminently calculated to give expansion to the views of those engaged in it; and there can be no question that it aids essentially in the formation of good business habits, and the cultivation of such cardinal virtues as promptitude, dispatch, condensation, and practical sense."

MISCELLANY.

[From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.]

THE START IN LIFE.

A TALE.

"WELL, Cousin Danby, so Mary is going to be married. I rode over to hear all about it, and to ask how soon I am to wish you joy."
"Thank you kindly, John," replied the mother of the bride-elect, her face beaming with smiles; "indeed you should have been the first to hear the news, only you were away at the assizes; so often and often Mary said to me that there was no one in the world on whose advice she would depend, or to whose opinion she would look up more entirely, than your own; not that Mary felt any doubts as to her choice; she knew him all her life, and so do all—as good a gentleman bred and born as in all Ireland; indeed for that matter, much better than Mary had any right to expect; but she did often say that had you been at home before matters were entirely settled, she would have liked to consult you as to what you thought best."

With all patience and attention John Travers listened, knowing well that interruption would only add to the intricacy of the narrative. Now, however, at a pause he inquired where Mary was; but without heeding the inquiry, Mrs. Danby proceeded in her harangue. Mary's intended husband, Frank Nugent, had got a wonderful patch of a farm on lease from Mr. Jones, and everything no doubt would go on beautifully. There could not have been a better start in life.

"And where is the capital to encounter so large an undertaking?"
"Oh Mary, you know, has a hundred pounds, and Frank will probably get something from his brother George."

"Umph," said John Travers. "The bargain is not completely made?"
"Quite settled," answered Mrs. Danby, with a look full of satisfaction. The lease was drawn and signed a fortnight ago. Tradesmen are in the house, and most part of the furniture is come home. Mary has not quite fixed the day, but I have an idea it is not very far off."

"I did not expect to hear matters had gone so far," said John gravely; "though guessing pretty well long ago how they would end. As you say, their choice does credit to them both; and yet I confess, Cousin Danby, I more than share in Mary's anxieties regarding the future; and as my notions are my own, I am afraid I cannot so easily lay them by. But tell me, how did Frank Nugent come by such a bargain? Mr. Jones has the name of being a hard and grasping agent, and very few real bargains, as I hear, have ever passed through his hands."

"Oh, but Frank is very different from the generality of his tenants," replied the widow. "No wonder if Mr. Jones made a compromise with him; or most likely the family had interest with Sir Hugh himself, and got the place for Frank without any thanks to the agent. Indeed it seems so natural to me that any of the Nugents could get a farm whenever they chose to look for it, that I never thought of making it a subject of inquiry."

"Interest—interest—the Irish look too much to doing things through interest," said John Travers, somewhat scornfully.
"And all right too, if they have not a fortune of their own," replied Mrs. Danby. "But tell me, Cousin John, what you would have recommended."

"That is soon done. I should have advised Mary and her intended husband to wait a little till better times, or at all events not to have started with a heavy farm on their hands, but in preference, to have opened a shop in the town. I know one, with a stock to boot, which is at present to be had for a comparatively small sum."

"A shop! Did you say a shop? Our family have never descended to the meanness of trade—I am glad I was the first, and I hope the last, to hear of your doubtless well-meant, but unsuitable proposal. It would be like any of Mary's relations to teach Frank Nugent that his position was lowered by his marriage."

"Well, cousin, no offence meant either to you or the Nugents, or least of all to dear little Mary. I wished to see her and her husband independent, what they never will be at the age of what you call their position. Gladly would I have done something to save Mary the weary struggle of keeping up false appearances—done anything but quench her heart's young joy. Remember that, Cousin Danby, I would not thwart this marriage—I would not even say it was inconsiderate or ill-advised, though many might agree with me—for I know them both thoroughly; they are good, honest, loving, and in the end they will pull through."

Luckily, as Mrs. Danby remarked, the advice and the forebodings were both too late, and John Travers was too wise and too kind to offer superfluous counsel; so he bided his time, contenting himself for the present with forwarding their preparations as far as lay in his power, avoiding all discussions of ways and means. Mary alone, perhaps, read his silence aright—his farm on her hands; but as this was a point on which her doubts had been stifled by the hand which was to provide for the future, she determined in the fulness of womanly trust, that no other should revive them again; and thus the subject was tacitly dropped, while both in their own way looked as happy and hopeful on the dawn of the wedding, as if no cloud from the future had ever shadowed their minds.

Happy and hopeful! These were no words for Mrs. Danby; she was actually radiant as carriage and jaunting-car drove up to her door, and the full tide of compliments and congratulations poured in. To do her justice, her hopes and her plans were all centered in her daughter; her dreams of ambition only through her; she still had her dreams, but they were about to be realized, and she was contented to shine for the future with reflected light.

Mrs. Danby was the widow of an officer, who, some twenty years before, when quartered in this native village, captivated by her blooming face, had married and taken her away. She returned at his death, with one little daughter, judging from experience that the slender provision, which was scarce better than poverty among strangers, would seem quite a fortune in the eyes of her husband's connections at home; and by good management, and keeping her own counsel, it really answered all the purposes of a fortune in her hands. Every one hastened to welcome her, every one tried to assist—all save her credit for genuine feeling in returning to her native home and friends—none suspected that necessity had influenced her choice; and all at once she found herself, for the first time in her life, a person of consequence in the circle in which she lived. But,

unreasonable woman, this did not satisfy her; she had been all her life clinging to the edge of another and could know no contentment until she had slipped herself fairly in. Had her ambition been for Mary only, it might have been abundantly gratified; her sweet looks and manner unconsciously won their way in circles where her father had been intimate many years before. But no one thought it requisite to include Mrs. Danby in the attentions paid to her daughter; and each solitary invitation would have been a source of fresh vexation, had she not regarded Mary as the stepping-stone by which her wishes were to be accomplished in the end.

It might have been a false and mortifying position for Mary to find herself accepted on a memory that had all but passed away, while her actual connections remained unnoticed and unknown—even her mother. But she had too much tact ever to complain; instinctively she stood in awe of Mary's true heart—her single mind; she knew her daughter would never mix in society where her mother was rejected; and still hoping on, made her present retirement seem both to Mary and her own companions quite a matter of choice.

How often would Mary, in the midst of her pleasant anticipations of some party, lay down her simple attire with a sigh, and exclaim—"Oh mamma, what a pity that you too may not wear a white muslin—then you need never stay at home, nor unwillingness to spend money in a suitable dress; though shame for me, she would add, throwing her arms round her neck, to give even this as a reason, when I know too well you lost all heart for amusement before ever you came here!"

And again, how often would the mother scan the sweet innocent face of her child, on her return from some excursion, to discover whether it bore any trace of the mortifications her own sensitive vanity always led her to apprehend. But no; Mary, as we have said, was too true-hearted, too gentle, ever thus to suffer; she made no vain pretensions, and her companions were well contented to love her for what she really was; so well, that when Frank Nugent began to love her best of any, his sisters and his mother only hoped he would deserve her, and thought him fortunate indeed when he won her love and warm heart. Luckily they knew but little of Mrs. Danby, or of her bosom friend John Travers and his graver anxieties, else their judgments might have remained suspended between the hopes of the one and the fears of the other, until the scale had been turned against Mary herself.

Frank's eldest brother, George Nugent, indeed protested that they were a couple of fools; Frank for selling his hunter, and giving up his free quarters at home; Mary for refusing a rich old equire, whose admiration had long been their standing joke. And confidently unreasonably, to use his own words, was Frank's request to be paid off the few hundred, his portion as a younger son, and in fact all he could call his own. So that when the day came, George and Mary, standing together two or three past obligations, and some unpleasant information which he had equally stored up, he now brought them to bear, in the friendliest manner, on Mr. Jones the agent; received in return the lease of the farm, which Frank in his turn accepted in lieu of his claim—no frequent mode of management; and that all parties were pleased, the agent who gave only a nominal bargain; the brother, who cleared off an incumbrance on his property; the young lovers, rejoicing in their own happiness and the good will of their friends, heedless that in one instance it had been purchased, and dearly too, and Mrs. Danby and John Travers both right in their conclusions, Mr. Nugent's interest had obtained the farm—Frank's money had secured that interest.

Some few, very few years had passed by, when whispers began to float about too much in the tone of John Travers's early forebodings. Mrs. Danby's countenance—a true barometer—no longer bright and exulting, revealed much that her lips were still far from uttering. She had moved down again to the lowly front parlor, again condescending to be annoyed by a movement of the village street; and if now and then she did ascend to her former quarters, and station herself again at the favorite window, it was no longer ostentatiously to point out the residence of Mrs. Nugent, but to weep, where none could see her, over Mary's fallen prospects and her desolate home.

Perhaps had she visited it oftener she would have found less occasion for sorrow. How many griefs, how much of regret and disappointment, might we all find ourselves spared if we only took another and probable view of the future in the morning of life! In the morning of life? Yes; not that of the youthful dreamer, not that morning still gilt with the glories of the dawn; but of actual life, with its cares and business, on which few enter steadily without finding its reasonable promise fulfilled. But if Mrs. Danby was a dreamer, it was not so with Mary. From the first, she had been aware of her position, and determined to make the best of it. She knew she could never expect to mingle on equal terms with rich or great of her neighborhood; and wondering at her mother's extravagant anticipations, she gently, but decidedly, discouraged them at once, though pained to find her motives entirely misunderstood; her mother attributing the check to unwillingness on the part of Mary to allow her to participate in amusements which she could never believe would be voluntarily resigned. But Mary was firm even with Frank, though with him her part was different, more easy, yet more difficult; she was all in all to him, supplied the place of all; yet he had been accustomed to so many things of which he never knew the value—things supplied without question in his brother's somewhat wasteful establishment—that she felt those minor privations must be a continual strain on his good humor, and that on her devoted task of preventing them from becoming a strain upon his love. She tried to give a modest tone as possible to their establishment; to prove from the very first that superfluities were not necessary; and that now, while life and joy were young, was the time to accustom themselves to life without indulgences which might be requisite, yet not attainable, in after years. But to do all this with a husband all his life accustomed to indiscriminating hospitality; always ready to enjoy the passing hour; whose favorite maxim was, "we'll never do it younger; to do this efficiently, and yet not disagreeably, to check extravagance without infringing on real comfort; to keep their circle of society, yet leave no wearisome blank; to choose so well, and exert herself so well, that she

few more than supplied the place of the many—this was surely an arduous task for quiet, unpretending little Mary; but she set about it with all her heart and all her spirit and it was done.

She succeeded so well, that even George, who began by calling them fools, and indeed, as far as Frank was concerned, by verifying his words, was now fain to call him a lucky dog. He would often escape from his own irregular home to enjoy the comfort and the quiet of their well-ordered dwelling; and was never better pleased than when one of Mary's fairy notes would turn him with an excuse, by asking him to ride up "Lady Lilly," and give her to poor Frank for one day with the hounds; or to bring the greyhounds in the morning, that he might enjoy a day's coursing after his hard work all the week; and to remember all the while must need and those who purchased at a price nearly double their value on time—time that expired without bringing anything to satisfy its demands. At last, as we have said, that year came when none could afford to be indulgent, none could wait for money once due; debt after debt was demanded, and paid out of the produce of the farm as far as it went, in the hope that when the next gale came round, Mr. Jones too might give a little time. Vain hope! an ejectment was served; and Frank and Mary found at last that they had only to depend on each other's true heart for comfort and counsel under the long-impending blow.

At least it was on that they cast most grateful in the hour of need. Though grateful to many friends who offered sympathy and assistance, they resolved to be independent for the future, however lowly might be their lot; and again there was no shame in hon-est poverty while they could truly say, according to the apostle's injunction, they "owed no man anything but love." George Nugent and John Travers were both included in the family council. George, really distressed, yet without the least notion of business, could offer no better suggestion than that they should sell all, and pay all, and take up their quarters with him until better times. This offer he pressed on them warmly—kind for he made it bear the aspect of a favor to himself.

"You will do us more good than can be told, dear Mary." Since my poor mother died the house is all at sixes and sevens; the girls know nothing of management, and I myself am going to the dogs. Do half as much for us as you have already done for Frank and we will have reason forever to bless the day you came amongst us."

There was a soft light in Mary's eyes as she turned them on her husband; if her gentle heart could have felt pride, it might have glowed at that moment to hear the head of the family, amidst all their ruin, declare that she had effectually done her part. But there was nothing in her look that spoke acceptance of the invitation; and Frank, reading it aright, while he graciously thanked him for his hastened to decline the offer for their both.

"No, George, it would never do for me to go back to our old ways, a relapse is always worse than the first disease, and Mary's care and trouble must go for nothing in the end. Besides there are the children."

"Oh, the more the merrier!" interrupted George. "You know how fond I am of them all!"
"Yes, too fond, dear George," said Mary, affectionately. "Too fond of them and of us. You would spoil us all; and you know there is not quite so much life before us now, we must be up and doing something to retrieve the years we have already let pass."

But what that something was to be—no man turned their eyes on steady John; while he in his turn hesitated, and seemed doubtful of what he had to say. He looked at Mary—so soft and delicate, so apparently unequal to encounter the rough ways of the world—at Frank, with his somewhat proud and careless air, so unskilled in his lowly path—and again he looked reluctant to speak what was in his mind; but seeing that all three awaited his opinion, he commenced by asking the firm, and what surplus they hoped to retain after disposing of everything.

"The farm gives me up, answered Frank, sadly. 'I owe more than a year's rent, and can expect no allowance; so I suppose all I have will not do more than pay. At most, I cannot have more than a hundred pounds clear after all!'"

"Then, said John Travers boldly, 'that is nothing to live on, though something for getting, if turned to good account. Move down to the village, and open a meal store; keep your three best horses, and have them continually on the road bringing it out from the ships; attend yourself—ay, and Mary too—to the sale from morning to night, and mark my words—you will be richer before the year is over than you were in all your lives before!'"

He stopped short, like one who had made a desperate plunge without knowing the depth, and now hardly ventured to look at the faces around him. He might have seen an angry flush on that of George, as he turned hastily to the window and began beating time upon the pane; Mary's eyes were cast down, and her fair cheeks a little pale. Frank, silent and thoughtful, but calm, then turned to John, and said, "I believe you are right, I am ready to thank you sincerely for your straightforward, manly advice."

Mary had hardly time to raise her meek eyes, new filled with approving tears, when George turned round, exclaimed impetuously, "It is advice that shall never be followed. What man, are you mad, to think of disgracing us all? Mary, will you speak, and bring him to reason? Make him accept my offer, come and live with me, and I'll see Dillon or O'Brien, and get them to use their power to let him put upon the roads, or under the poor law; anything, in fact, rather than see him selling meat!"

But Mary did not speak. She knew that any of the suggestions mentioned so ambiguously by her brother-in-law, even if attainable, were altogether precarious, depending on the evil days, which all trusted would not last. No—much more gladly would she have seconded her cousin's advice; and all how thankful she felt that her influence was not needed, that her husband's own upright feelings prompted the courageous step.

She was silent; and George, after waiting vainly a few moments, at last lost all patience when Frank and John Travers commenced discussing the details of the proposed plan, interrupting them again with a strong and indignant protest, again offering his interest and his home when they should come to a rational mood, he took an abrupt leave, and rode away in a most discordant frame of mind; conscious that his conduct on their marriage deprived him of all right of interference now, and yet full of near-awakened sympathy and affection prompting him to assume it.

But poor Mrs. Danby! What were her feelings when Frank and Mary were actually established behind a counter, and that too in the very village where she had always held her head so high—literally within sight of the spot where she lived? With delight in her own words it would have been another feather in her cap to have her daughter presiding at Mount Nugent—in fact mistress of the house; and great in proportion was her indignation at the lot they had preferred. It even outwitted that of George Nugent, and equally finding remonstrance vain, she retreated in wrath to the back apartment again, determined not to witness their fall, when they repaid their reward. It was a day's wonder, then, that prohibition followed. The worldly-minded said "they knew what they were about," the generous-hearted sympathized with them, and warmly wished their success; but, dearest of all, they had the blessings of the poor. Each week and each month throughout that calamitous year the pressure became greater—louder and louder the cry for food; and what an unspeakable happiness to our young beginners to feel that in their hour of need they had been led into a way of life that enabled them to bear a share in alleviating the distresses of others!

The prudent foresight of John Travers had advised the purchase of a cargo early in the year, and his kindness insisted on adding what was requisite to make up the sum. Prices afterwards rose, doubled quadrupled, in the rage for speculation, in the necessity that parted with all to save existence; but to the covetous practices that disgraced the period Frank Nugent formed a bright exception; he ascertained, in the first instance, what was really a fair profit, and no after-circumstance could tempt him to deviate from the scale he had laid down. In this resolution he was confirmed by Mary, who would eagerly exclaim, Oh yes! I would that we could part with it for even less—would that we were better able to prove our gratitude for abundance while so many perish for want! Yes, dear Frank, let us be not only contented, but oh how thankful, if this year only leaves us as it found us, still blessed with one another, even though, like Paul and his companions, we have been brought to land with nothing but the broken pieces of our ship!

Frank smiled at her enthusiasm, but went steadily on; soon he had companions enough in his vocation; his experience made him an invaluable indispensable member of the Relief Committee, while his moderate demands made all eagerly turn to him for its supplies. These facts soon became apparent to George Nugent, and even to Mrs. Danby's narrower mind. Frank not only met and associated with on equal terms as ever, but even held in honor by all the gentry of the neighborhood; while Mary, attending indefatigably to her own share of the duty, received abundant testimony that her labor was not in vain; and thus conviction gradually stole on the minds of their offended relatives, and with it a truer estimation of themselves, and of the vanities they had each in their own way most highly prized, until at length the fastidious George Nugent might have been often seen lending Mary a helping hand during Frank's unavoidable absences.

The year was ended, and brighter prospects opening on a suffering world, when Frank and Mary, with mother, brother, and true friend, assembled for the evening in the quiet little parlor behind the shop; the former enjoying the little relaxation with double zeal after a day of unusual weariness—a day of reckoning and calculation, as with John Travers's assistance, they wound up their accounts for the year that had gone by. No wonder they looked so happy; not alone had that kind friend been repaid, but a surplus remained, exceeding their united fortunes before grasping agent, heedless brother, or luckless farm had melted them away. A thoughtful silence followed the glad announcement, interrupted at last by George exclaiming warmly, "You were right, Frank; dear Mary, you are always right; and it isn't because of what we hear just now I say so; I have been long turning it in my mind; in eating the bread of your own earning, you have had power to give bread to many; and still more right

you were in resisting my advice a second time, when I would have had you make more haste to become rich. To me, that never made a shilling in my life, and whose only experience is in spending and losing, there is something even in rascalous in the way you have got on. Come, tell the secret, Mary. Had you, as Nurse Mahony used to relate of our great-grandmother, who fed all of her poor neighbors out of one chest of meal in some famine of old—had you an angel dove that would light on the chest with the earliest dawn, and shake meal from her wings until it filled as fast as it had been emptied the evening before? Had you such a dove, Mary?"

"You should ask that question of Frank," said John Travers softly. "If not favored with angels' visits, he has one sweet household dove that comes as near as any mortal may be to an angel upon earth."

"Then what will that bird say," continued George, in still livelier tones, "what will she think of my coming to propose another flight? Nay, Frank and John Travers, do not look so grave all at once; and Mary, do not turn those dove-like eyes away—rather turn them to that window and you will see where I want you to alight." And his eyes brightened mischievously as he added, "Though neither Barley Hill nor Mount Nugent are in view, look down, Mary, along the river's bank, where the smoke is curling up through the old ash trees; see where the sun is glancing on the water; yes, the wheel is still going round, the fire still on the hearth, but old Johnson died yesterday, broken-hearted, they say, at the failure of his miserly speculations in the end. God forgive him! he took his own turn out of the poor all the year; but at any rate he is gone now, and the mill and the cottage fallen back into my hands. Frank and Mary, I owe you a good turn, so let me pay my debts too; even John can say nothing against that, or against my proposal now. You have capital enough and experience too, so take the mill, and may you thrive there as well as you have already done here!"

Once again—but on how much truer grounds—all parties were pleased; all hearts then present were more closely drawn together. Sweet had been the use of adversity to all; but none showed their effect more plainly than Mrs. Danby: a serene and chastened spirit was visible in all her manner, visible in her silence, in her grateful looks; and when the change was made, and every tongue was eloquent on the beauty of the situation, the advantages of the position, she scarcely ventured to whisper, even in her inmost heart, what once would have formed its londest theme, "they have returned to their proper position after all!"

Laws of Vermont.

An act in amendment of an act relating to the militia. It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont, as follows:

Sec. 1. The two hundred and fortieth section of an act entitled "an act in relation to the militia," approved, November 11, 1842, shall be so amended as to read as follows: Each member of a company of uniform militia, who shall be returned untrained and equipped, to the town clerk, shall draw from the treasury of this State, the sum of two dollars, annually, on presenting, on or before the first day of November in each year, to the state treasurer, a certificate from said town clerk, that he has been so returned.

Sec. 2. Section eleven of an act in amendment of an act in relation to the militia, approved, November 1, 1843, is hereby repealed. William C. Knapton, Speaker of the House of Representatives. Robert Perout, President of the Senate. Approved, November 13, 1848. CARLOS COOLIDGE.

An act in addition to an act in relation to Magistrate's Courts, approved Oct. 7, 1847. It is hereby enacted, &c.

Sec. 1. Whenever, in the erection of said line of telegraph, the owner or occupant of any lands or tenements shall have sustained, or be likely to sustain any damage, in consequence of such erection, for such line, the selection of the town or Mayor of any city, in which such lands or tenements shall be situated, shall examine and appraise such damage, and the same shall be paid by said association or company, before any erection shall be made. And the decision and appraisal of such selection or Mayor, shall be final, due notice being given, as required in the second section of the act to which this is in addition.

Sec. 2. This act shall take effect from its passage. Approved, November 13, 1848.

An act in relation to trial by jury.

It is hereby enacted, &c.
Sec. 1. When any person shall be brought before any magistrate, charged with either of the offences mentioned in section twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four and twenty-five, of chapter ninety-five, and in sections one and ten, of chapter ninety-eight, and in sections five and seven, of chapter eighty-two, of the Revised Statutes, such magistrate, in case he shall decide not to bind over the respondent for trial at the county court, but to take jurisdiction of, and try the respondent for the offence mentioned in said sections, shall, on the request of such respondent, cause a jury to be immediately summoned, to try such person, at the expense of the treasury, to which the fine is payable, in case a recovery is had in favor of such respondent.

Sec. 2. This act shall take effect from its passage. Approved, November 13, 1848.

An act regulating the duties of Road Commissioners. It is hereby enacted, &c.

Sec. 1. Any Board of Commissioners who may have been heretofore appointed by the County or Supreme Court, to build, make or repair any highway, or to lay out, alter or discontinue any highway, and who have not completed the business of their commission; or any Commissioners heretofore to be appointed by said court, for the purpose aforesaid, shall have power to order and direct the town or